

# Crash and Burn - Almost Figuratively

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A push is all it takes for a relationship to advance and money to be exchanged.

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[Introduction](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

# Chapter 1

It had happened all so *quickly* that Honey Lemon hadn't even had time to react.

She had been experimenting with a new formula - come *on*, she just *had* to, the last time she remembered having one of the chemicals had been in, like, fifth grade! - and casually checking over her notes when Gogo's and Fred's sharp voices drew her to look over at the scene.

They were at it again, it looked; "It is *totally* science! C'mon, a *floating hat* that follows you *everywhere!* Think about it!"

"Okay, I'm thinking about it, and my conclusion is that you have been reading too many cheap comic books from the junkstore again."

"Are you insulting Havanar's Junkstore? Are you *insulting Havanar's Junkstore?*"

After exchanging a few more blows, the biker offhandedly elbowed Fred in his side, to which he squawked and jumped at. Honey Lemon giggled; Tadashi laughed; Wasabi made sure his table was nowhere near the yelping school mascot.

Just another normal day.

And then Fred laughed manically, declared he was to take his revenge, and pushed Gogo forward from her back.

Right onto Honey Lemon.

Thankfully, nothing from her test tubes and beakers had spilled and possibly burned the whole building down and caused an explosion, and her notes were spared from whatever might have happened. Not so thankfully, Honey Lemon's full-time crush is now right on top of her with her chest pressing against her own, and their legs tangled.

Her pink-rimmed glasses had been knocked off as well, leaving the blonde's vision a massive collection of black and white blurs.

"Uh," she manages, arms flailing about in search of her glasses. Once she'd finally felt the familiar object around her fingers, her vision cleared, and *oh God, maybe I should have left my glasses on the floor*. Gogo's eyes are just so *bright* and *pretty* and utterly *gorgeous*, and wow, look at her fluffy hair and how it tickles Honey Lemon's cheek with how close they are and *Jesus, I'm so gay*.

The biker *right on top of her and their faces two centimeters away* smirks. "'Uh' to you too, Honey."

In the background, Honey Lemon can very clearly hear Fred cackling madly, and Tadashi telling him to shut up so they can watch. Or, she *would* have been able to hear them if not for the blood rushing in her ears and most likely filling up her entire face. *Wow. Wow. I'm gay. I'm so gay. I can't handle all my gay.*

She feels she's going to go into cardiac arrest right then and there when Gogo pauses, lifts her hand up awkwardly from the floor, and lightly touches Honey Lemon's nose with it. "Wanna help me get up, sweetcheeks?"

Under normal circumstances (read: under *heterosexual* circumstances), Honey Lemon would have simply laughed it off and told her that *she* was the one on top of her and that Gogo should be the one helping the blonde up. But this is not under normal circumstances, and Honey Lemon is very very gay, and so all she can manage is a sound that vaguely resembles the mating call of a bullfrog.

Gogo laughs her little chime of a laugh, a little rough and a little breathy, but it's music to Honey Lemon's ears all the same. This time, the blonde laughs with her, a nice and normal and *friendly* laugh, and attempts to slip out from underneath the biker. She fails and almost hits her head on the cool tiled floor if Gogo doesn't hold up the back of her head carefully, almost gently. And that is

something for Honey Lemon to *whoa* at, because she almost never sees - much less *feels* - Gogo being gentle.

*She's so perfect.*

"Careful there," Gogo says, still chuckling a little, a glint in her eyes. "Wouldn't want you to go cracking your skull there, would you?"

"Y... Yeah," Honey Lemon stammers, her head threatening to explode if any of more of her blood rushed to her face. "Thanks. Gogo."

"You're welcome." She swiftly pulls herself up from Honey Lemon, before extending a hand to the still-fallen blonde. Another smirk crosses her features. "Need a hand?"

Somewhere in the background, as a flushing Honey Lemon accepts Gogo's hand, Tadashi groans and forks over a wad of cash in the grinning Fred's hand.

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After her experiment had successfully turned her lab rat a peculiar mix of putrid-green and acid-yellow and caused it to turn in over itself and act like a spider, Honey Lemon decided that was enough for the day and grabbed her bag, bid her goodbyes, and started walking down the hallways of SFIT.

It's peaceful and calm, just the way she likes it. Of course, she definitely wouldn't mind if some of her other friends were still hanging around, like they sometimes do when Honey Lemon goes out early, but more often than not, she walks through the hallways alone. That's fine with her, yes, but then she starts thinking about her friends, and by 'friends', she mostly means 'Gogo'.

Sometimes she gets lost in her thoughts long enough for her to subconsciously start grinning stupidly, jumping in place, or letting out short squeals, but just as she's getting into the habit, a presence makes itself known by the brush of fabric on her right arm. Honey

Lemon barely manages to choke back a high-pitched squeak when she sees the black-haired biker right next to her, walking beside the blonde like it's nothing.

"G-Gogo!" Honey Lemon greets, her voice a tad too high than normal. Well, then again, it's always high, so she just hopes Gogo didn't notice. "I... didn't see you there."

"I noticed," Gogo replies smoothly, smiling lightly. The blonde sucks back a whimper. "You doing anything later?"

Honey Lemon rethinks her hastily thrown together schedule for the rest of the day - that is, watch a fashion show nearly seven years ago for the third time. "Not really, no."

"Good," Gogo says, abruptly turning on her heel and facing Honey Lemon, an intense look in her eyes. "Because I'd like to reenact that fall from earlier, preferably alone and on something softer than a floor."

Thirty seconds later, Gogo has the much taller blonde pinned to the wall and staining strawberry lips purple with her lipstick.

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"Called it," Tadashi murmurs from the corner, stuffing a handful of bills in his jean pocket. Fred grumbles something unintelligible under his breath.